

is that knife to a woman ?" he asks daily. Now he says that I have given him many things but I have never given him money, and he must have a purse of money.

" Why can you do so much more than our women ?" he often asks. His astonishment that I can read, and yet more that I can write, is most amusing. " Can many women in your country write ?" he asked. " Can your Queen read and write ? Can she embroider as you do ?" At first he thought that I only pretended to write, but was convinced when I sent a letter to tl^ Ilkhani.

He usually appears when a number of sick people come, interprets their dialect into good Persian for Mirza, and beats and pelts them with stones when they crowd too closely, but they do not care. Sometimes when I say that nothing that I have can do a sick person any good he begs " for my sake " that I will try, and when I still decline he goes away in a tantrum, cursing, and shaking his wide *shulwars* with an angry strut, but is soon back again with fresh demands.

He spreads his prayer-carpet and goes through his devotions thrice a day, but somehow " *Aziz Khan* praying" seems to suggest some ludicrous idea, even to his co-religionists. "Feringhis don't fear God," he said to me; " they never worship." I told him he was wrong, that many are very devout. He said, " Does

prayer ?" mentioning a European. I said "Most certainly," and he walked away with the sneering laugh of

a fiend. He  
is a complete child of nature. He says what  
he thinks,  
and acts chiefly as he pleases, but withal  
there is a  
gentlemanliness and a considerable dignity  
about him.  
I think that his ruling religion is loyalty to  
Isfandyar  
Khan, and consequent hatred of the Ilkhani  
and all his  
other enemies. Going through a pantomimic  
firing of an  
English rifle he said, " I hope I may shoot  
the Shah with